

BY SALT MARSHEN

-- PICTURES --

Arthur Wesley Dow

--- POEMS ---

**Everett Stanley Hubbard
Ipswich Massachusetts**



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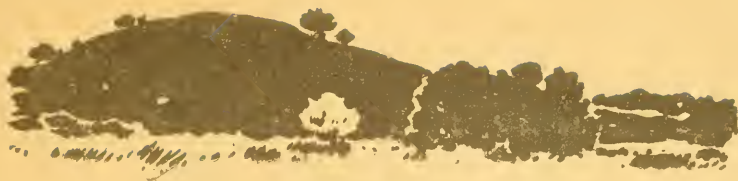
BY SALT MARSHES

**Pictures and Poems of
old IPSWICH  by
Arthur Wesley Dow  &
Everett Stanley Hubbard**

1908

*"Where life glides by in deeper moods
And reveries than tongue can tell"*





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The Poems

Eastern Ipswich is preeminently a country of beautiful distances. The peace and tranquillity of the scenes that prompted the following verses have touched me since childhood. Even beneath storms and high winds the marshes and rolling hills seemed to me, beyond most landscapes, to lie serene and unchanged. The nearby trees might rock and toss, but still the distance would somehow remind me of an impressive human countenance, immobile and introspective.

As to the composition of the verses I will only say that I used the pen more with the spirit and feeling of a worker in plastic art than as a man of letters. Indeed, these impressions were set down with but small thought for the canons of literary art; and, perhaps it will be well to add, with but slight knowledge of those precepts.

Everett Stanley Hubbard



The Pictures

Salt marshes set about with round-topped hills, barberry hedges along old stone walls that climb over the upland pastures, grassy spaces patterned with savin and bayberry, wild apple trees in the thickets, wide fields of daisies and frost flowers, shore lines of goldenrod and scarlet lilies, dark marsh islands, far and near, reflected in creek and salt pond, haystacks crowding into the horizon's perspective, a blue line of sea beyond the distant sand hills; such is the familiar Tpswich landscape, varied by season and sky and tide.

Mr. Hubbard and I were boys together in this country of the marshes, and here we have studied and painted. For this reason I find a special pleasure in making these color prints to accompany his songs.

The pictures, designs, and lettering of titles are frankly the imprint of the knife-engraved wood block.

Arthur Wesley Dow

TO H. W. D.

The marshes lie in softly rippled white,
The woodland wears a dusky violet hue,
And Agamenticus a far thin mystic blue,
While over all is winter's keen crisp light;
And silence, save at intervals a slight
And timid rustling of the grass and vines,
The cawing of the crows among the Pines
And ax strokes in the Thicket to the right.
Like one who offers to an old-time friend,
In other scenes, a sketch made hastily
Of native hills, this thought of home I send,
And trust it dawns on you familiarly.
While groping idly where the shadows blend
I found it face to wall in memory.



**"The marshes lie in softly rippled white,
The woodland wears a dusky violet hue,"**

Ipswich Marshes

**Haunt of the heron and the rosemary's home,
The marshes stretch to eastward till the sheen
Of golden sandhills crests the sweeping green,
And winding creeks reflect the azure dome.**

**Shut from the turmoil of the ocean waves,
And far from surge of life in busy towns,
There reigns unbroken 'neath the salty downs
The perfect peace of dim cathedral naves.**



**"The marshes stretch to eastward till the sheen
Of golden sandhills crests the sweeping green"**

Marsh Goldenrod

Marsh goldenrod is blooming on
The borders of the grassy sea,
Through autumn hours halcyon
And fraught with mystic prophecy;

Marsh goldenrod in glowing roods
Along the foot of spur and dell,
Where life glides by in deeper moods
And reveries than tongue can tell.

Marsh goldenrod and days of grace
Dream side by side upon the shore;
Friend, feign with me a fleeting space
That strife and tempest wake no more.



**"Marsh goldenrod in glowing roods
Along the foot of spur and dell"**

The Old Stone Wall

Where shadows rest, where summits shine,
The wall dips low and curves and climbs,
A repetition in each line
Like old immortal rhymes.

The bowlders rest among the reeds,
The butterflies above them dance,
Through all the tangle of the weeds
The shattered sunbeams glance.

The fansy waves, the mulleins nod,
The succory's forgotten blue
Between the rocks and goldenrod
Repeats the heaven's hue.

It is the squirrel's safe highway
Where evermore the sparrow sings,
While on its stones the lichens gray
Outlive a line of kings.



**"Where shadows rest, where summits shine,
The wall dips low and curves and climbs,"**

The Marsh Island Lily

**In sylvan solitude the lily waves,
The scarlet lily of marsh island birth.
She envies not the royal rose, nor craves
The pride of earth.**

**For she is queen of nature's fugitives,
All careless of the garden's brilliance blent.
Patrician of the wildwood here she lives,
And is content.**



**"In sylvan solitude the lily waves,
The scarlet lily of marsh island birth."**

Rain in May

Blossoms and young leaves gently rock and sleep
Within the cradle of the dying breeze,
And silvery creeks along the meadows creep,
Beyond the snowy crests of apple trees.

And like the first faint echoes of a flute,
Is heard the whispered sweep and gush of rain,
While purple mists like bloom on tender fruit,
Are clinging to the valleys and the plain.



**"And silvery creeks along the meadows creep,
Beyond the snowy crests of apple trees."**



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